

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Couper.*



BLINDFOLDED IN THE CHASE.

THE BLACK TROOPERS.

CHAPTER II.—"OLD MAN TOBY."

"WELL, Dick," said Stevenson, after a thoughtful pause, "you had better go back to your flock. Show us the place you saw the cattle come out of."

The man pointed out a spot on the line of timber, about two miles off, and left us, while we rode off to the place indicated. For some time the superintendent remained in deep thought; then, addressing the young man, he said,—

"You heard what the shepherd said about sending me a message by a traveller?"

"Yes."

"Well, three weeks or a month ago, when I was over on the Wakool, Mr. James asked me if I had engaged the two men he had sent me, as I had told him one day when he was passing our way that I was short-handed, and asked him to direct any men who might be looking for work over to me. Neither of those men ever came. One started two days before the other, and there is no station between James's

place and our own. Still I did not think it strange, as these men might have been mere skulkers, walking from out-station to out-station, and only pretending to look for a job. There are hundreds of such fellows tramping about the colony. But now—I don't half like the look of it!"

"Why, what do you fear?" I asked.

"I think it very strange that of three men known to have started with the intention of coming to Swan Hill (the name of the locality), not one should have arrived. And this man mentioned by my hut-keeper could only have stayed either at the public-house two miles beyond us, or else gone fifteen miles down the river one way, or the same distance up the stream to the Lake station, and that after dark too, for he would only reach the ferry late in the afternoon. Now this is so utterly improbable, that if I find, on inquiry, that he did not call at the Ferry Inn that night—"

"Why, what do you suspect?" I asked, observing that he looked very grave.

"That he has been killed by the blacks?" asked Harris, eagerly.

"I fear so; and in that case he is not the only victim. You see," said Stevenson to me, "owing to the crossing place of the river being near us, all passing travellers from the Edward, the Wakool, and other places higher up, must come through our run; and only think, in the twenty or thirty miles of wild country, what facilities are offered in the innumerable swamps, reed-beds, and scrub-patches, for the cutting-off of solitary travellers passing on foot through such a wilderness, where the only inhabitants are the shepherd with his flock, and the hut-keeper, in the lonely out-stations eight or ten miles from each other!"

"What will you do?" I asked.

"I will write to Mr. Brown, who is a magistrate on the Edward, and mention my suspicions, and tell him to send one of his constables to make secret inquiries at the different out-stations near that locality as to the travellers who have passed that way during the last two months. But, in the meantime, do not mention the matter to any one. I do not think any of our home-station blacks are concerned in it; still, if they know that anything of the kind has happened, and suspect that we are aware of it, they will pass the word on to the murderers (that is, supposing any murders have taken place). Do you know, Harris, where the main body of our blacks are?"

"Old Steve told me to-day they were still on the Ballima, but were going to shift their camp to Wingong; that is about six miles from the home station."

Just then we reached the timber indicated by the shepherd, and soon found the tracks made by the cattle in rushing out on the plain; and after following them up for a short distance, we came upon the remains of a dead cow. A number of the dingoes, or wild dogs before mentioned, hundreds of which then infested the station, were busy at the carcass, and as Harris and the superintendent were each provided with one of the formidable stock whips used in driving cattle, instant chase was given; the two dogs selecting one each, and Stevenson following a third, which, after a smart gallop, he succeeded in heading and turning on to the plain. I had no wish to join in this chase, but my horse would not stay behind the others. The dingo held his own for a mile, but he had too much of the cow inside him for a longer

run, and the superintendent soon overtook him, and brought his whip down in a style that poor dingo could not have relished. The unfortunate animal tried to escape the infliction by crouching to the earth and letting the horse shoot past him, and then doubling away at an angle to right or left. But the stock horses we were mounted on could double almost as quickly as he, and after a severe run of about twenty minutes he gave in. In his doublings he had again approached the timber, and he now lay down at the foot of a tree in a small detached clump, and awaited his fate.

I said I had no desire to join in the hunt. The fact was I was awkwardly burdened. It happened that young Harris had, for the purpose of gaining practical experience, formerly resided at one of the out-stations we had visited. He had returned to the head station to live, but had all his clothes still at the hut. Being desirous of removing them, he had emptied his box on to the horses' backs. Stevenson had a great heap in front of him, which he threw to me when he started. I had a quantity also, and as Harris could not use his whip while carrying his lot, he hastily transferred that as well to me. I was thus barricaded to the chin with flannels and cotton shirts, trousers, coats, etc., for it was an outfit he had brought from England, provided by an anxious mother. I could scarcely see before me, and when he started off after the superintendent, I actually had to grope for the reins. I had hardly thrown my arms over the "swag" (to use a colonial phrase) when off started my excited horse after the others. As I galloped about, the articles worked loose one after another, and I must have cut a ridiculous figure, as I helplessly scuttled hither and thither, dropping a shirt here, and a pair of trousers there. I faithfully tried to fulfil the duty assigned me, and held on to the bundles as long as I could, but at last a shirt, which worked loose and streamed out like a banner, got over my head and blinded me, and I was obliged to let them go, in order to see where I was rushing to.

We all dismounted and surrounded the dingo. It was a touching sight (to me at least, who was not a squatter) to see with what stoical resignation it met its doom. After it once lay down it never moved, except to turn its head to watch the preparations being made to finish him. It was not long left in agony. But I could not have credited that the eye of an animal like that could have been capable of so much expression! There seemed to me a mingled resignation and despair in its glance as it calmly looked at its executioner, until the film of death gathered over its eyes.

"Why, doctor! you look quite sentimental over it! There's one rascal the less. No more mutton for *you*, at any rate," said Stevenson, as he turned away.

After this small tragedy, we returned to the dead cow, picking up Harris's traps by the way. We found upon examination that its leg had been broken by a ball, and that it had been afterwards despatched by spears, although, as Stevenson would not allow the blacks on his station to possess firearms, his men being strictly forbidden to supply them, it was a mystery where the gun came from which inflicted the wound.

"Not that we ourselves apprehend any danger now-a-days from their possessing them," said Stevenson to me, in explanation. "But, as you are aware,

they are always engaged amongst themselves in a murderous kind of warfare—sneaking by night on each other, and killing by stealth—and as I found that the possession of the guns we gave them encouraged that sort of thing, I took them away again."

"Perhaps Bobby Peel has been robbing some hut again, and stolen a gun," said Harris; "it's a wonder to me they can't catch that fellow."

"He is an ungrateful rascal," said Stevenson, as he remounted his horse, "to kill my cow with it, if he has. I have got into very bad odour with my neighbours for standing between such a pestilent knave and summary vengeance. The fellow dare not show his face anywhere within thirty miles round; he would be shot down like a dingo if he did. And this is the return he makes for it! I only hope, however, he is not concerned in any foul play with those missing men. I strongly suspect him. Robbing a hut now and then for a supply of flour, or killing a sheep, I could wink at, though, forsooth, he might leave my cattle alone, and only rob those who have injured him. But bloodshed is a very different matter, and so he will find."

We visited another out-station and then turned our horses' heads towards home. It was sunset, and as we had been, with short intervals of rest at the different huts, in the saddle since dawn of the preceding day, I was not at all sorry that the end of our ride approached. But we were not to reach the head station without having another chase.

The dogs had rejoined us a short time after we left the slaughtered beast, and as we were crossing a small plain, and were within half-a-mile of the timber, all at once they picked up some scent and set off at a smart pace.

"What on earth have they got hold of now?" said Stevenson. "There are no kangaroo likely to be here, so near home."

We followed hard after, however, and managed to keep them in sight, until presently they broke into full speed and disappeared in the timber. They had sighted the game they were after, whatever it was. We rode in the direction they had taken, but not seeing them we pulled up to listen if they gave tongue. They did not, but somebody else did, without mistake; for we all at once heard most vociferous cries of distress from a human voice. We galloped up as fast as possible, and arrived just in time to save from destruction "old man Toby," one of our head station blacks, who was walking quietly along when he happened to hear the rush of the dogs behind him. He had instantly made for a tree, but was too late; for Rush, a dog lately brought from Melbourne, who was young, and unused as yet to blacks, sprang up as if he would tear him down. Old Toby, however, managed to keep on his feet, and resisted most gallantly. He had his yam-stick in his hand (a pointed stick used for digging up a small edible root which grows on the plains), and with this he met the rushes of the dogs, jobbing them with the sharpened end, and tearing them as badly as they had torn him. It was wonderful, during the half-minute or so that we were galloping up, to witness the coolness and dexterity, and above all, the agility, the old fellow displayed in avoiding the bounds the dogs made at him; while leaping to one side to avoid the onset of one, he would meet the other with a dexterous prod of his insignificant-looking weapon, which would send it sprawling with

a wound in its side. The stock whips soon brought the animals to their senses; and we found upon examining them all, that the dogs were the worst off for the encounter; for one had an eye wounded, and the other had a very ugly tear in his flank, which required to be sewn up. Old Toby was not so much hurt as we feared. The first grip was the worst, and his left arm was rather badly torn, but otherwise the injuries were insignificant, and likely to heal in a week or ten days.

We got him safely to the camp, and I dressed his wounds. Poor old Toby! his yam-stick was destined to figure once more in another and far more deadly affray.

THE HARD-EARNED PENNY.

WE have just made a purchase which we shall take the liberty to describe to the reader, and which shall serve as an introduction to some practical illustrations of the hardships with which the lowest and most unfriended classes of our industrial population have to deal. The bargain we have picked up is one of some thirty different specimens of wood-carving, all exhibited in the window of a little cabin of a shop in a back street, and ticketed at the price of one for fourpence, two for sevenpence, or four for a shilling. It stands about eight inches in height, and represents a young German on his travels, his wallet on his back, his cloak thrown over one shoulder, his staff planted firmly on the ground, his manly countenance lifted rather skyward, and his whole figure energetic with action. The features are well proportioned, and though cut in an off-hand, sketchy way, and with a trifle too much breadth, are correct in drawing and not wanting in expression. The drapery is graceful as to its folds, and finished with laudable neatness—the tight-fitting brogues and nether garment especially; and the hands, always a crucial test of the carver's skill, though of course suggested rather than executed, are yet free from obvious defect. Now the whole of this performance is cut by hand from a solid piece of wood. It must have been the work of somebody whose eye was educated so far at least as to enable him to copy accurately from a model, and who was sufficiently skilled in the management of tools to give to his work that crispness and naturalness which characterise it. Yet see how the work is paid for; sold retail in England for three-pence, we may be pretty certain that the deft artist of the Black Forest who called it into being from the shapeless block could not have received more than three-halfpence for his creation, seeing that several independent profits have to be derived from its sale, and the expense of transport has to be defrayed, before it becomes the property of the private purchaser in London. How it happens that ingenious labour of this kind should be so cheap is a question which has puzzled many and is likely to puzzle more. The explanation that is offered is this: the Swiss and German carvers and makers of toys, we are told, pursue their special industry, not as a means of livelihood so much as for the sake of profitably occupying their leisure, and earning a little extra cash when the regular work of the day is over, and especially during the long winter evenings. If this be so—and we cannot gainsay it—we can but admire the spirit which actuates the workers, and while we commend

their example to others, will wish them a better remuneration. Nor is such a wish quite vain; some of these wooden toy carvers, we are informed, do occasionally obtain such skill by long practice, that they become ranked among regular artists, and are enabled to abandon their rural calling, and occupy a higher social position.

Here in London the "hard-earned penny" is accompanied with no such possible prospect in the future; and the numberless vocations by which it is won, while they conduce to no improvement, are not the occupations of leisure, but the serious business of life—all the more serious, if the paradox is allowable, in that they are so trifling, and attract so little attention from the comfortable classes. We have a crowd of hopeless toilers to whom the smallest gain is almost a matter of vital importance, who live, or rather starve, from hand to mouth, and who often rise in the morning without knowing how they will obtain subsistence for the day, or whether they will obtain it at all. Let us take a glance at some few of them, and see if we can realise the conditions of their lot.

High up in a garret in a Leather Lane court works the pill-box maker. It would have been better for him, some might say, if he had been shifted into a parish coffin, and laid under the turf some ten years ago, when his limbs grew too feeble and his hands too shaky for his regular work at turning the mahogany legs of chairs and tables. But it was not so, and now he is consigned to the garret, where he works at a crazy old lathe in the manufacture of the tiny boxes which, when they are filled with Dr. Swallowe's wonderful pills, will make the round of the entire globe, medicating all the nations of the earth, to the tune of thirteenpence-halfpenny. It is as much as old Dan can do to turn the treadle of his lathe and guide the tool with which he works. If you watch him you will see that he spoils a good many of the boxes through his defective sight and tremblings of hand; but the majority of them are shaped-out and severed from the block with a celerity which is astonishing, considering the infirmity of the workman. And, indeed, they had need be done in quick time, looking to the wage that will be paid for them. The poor old fellow has to find the wood—which consists in good part of cashiered rollers, mop-sticks, and broomsticks, and to complete a gross of the boxes, each with its tight-fitting cover, for the guerdon of twenty pence, which is at the rate of about fourteen separate pieces of work for a penny. You may note that he does not turn each box complete as he goes on, but makes first a little heap of boxes, and then another of covers, and leaves the fitting of the two parts together to that little imp of a boy who is his fellow-workman and sole companion. The boy is his grandson, whose mother is dead, and whose father is also a working turner, and might be in a position to help the old man, were it not that he is oftener sick than well, being subject to frightful attacks of epilepsy, which land him every now and then in a pitiable state in some hospital ward. It would be hard to say whether the old man takes care of the child, or the child of the old man—and harder still to imagine how it is that they contrive to exist, as they do exist, with no other resource than their miserable gains.

Analogous to pill-box turning is the making of those innumerable envelopes of all kinds in which the small wares of all denominations of shopkeepers find

their way to the consumer. Such are lucifer-match boxes, smoker's fuzee boxes, sweetmeat and bon-bon boxes, wafer boxes, lozenge boxes, tooth-powder boxes, collar boxes, glove boxes, handkerchief boxes, and so on, up to box envelopes of larger dimensions, and of every conceivable description. The manufacture of the better sorts of these goods is a respectable trade, allowing a margin for fair wages; but the luckless class of industrials who work at the inferior sorts do probably more work of a workmanlike kind for a penny than any other workers at piece-work. The payment for lucifer-match boxes averages fourpence a gross, or three dozens for a penny; fuzee boxes are generally paid a little higher, while a cheap description of wafer boxes is paid still less. It is competition which has brought this kind of labour to so low a figure, and it is because the youngest children can be and are employed at the work, that competition has been so reckless and severe. Parents are apt to put a child to this work (which can be done at home under their own eye) because they want the single shilling which he will earn by a week's labour of fifty or more hours; they do not reflect that in so doing they make the child the rival of the adult man or woman, and the measure of their value in the labour-market.

Another pursuit in which tradesmen are the employers is that of sewing to cards or sheets of cardboard certain articles of general use of a portable and diminutive kind. Such are pocket-knives of all sorts, scissors, ivory folders, pencil-cases, buttons, hooks and eyes, etc., etc. Time was when all the steel pens that were manufactured were stitched to cards before they were offered for sale, at which time they realised quite as much per dozen as they now do per gross; but the mass of steel pens are now sold in boxes of a gross each, and the business of sewing them on to cards has gone to the wall. When the prices of these miscellaneous wares were high—when pens were ten times their present cost, cutlery three or four times, and all kinds of the small Birmingham products proportionately dear—this card-stitching business yielded a livelihood to hundreds of poor women and girls who used to display their taste and skill in the arrangement of the several objects. But the remuneration for such work has sadly fallen off, partly through competition, and partly because numbers of the articles which used to be sold by the card are now sold by weight in paper packets, or in boxes by the hundred or the gross. Hence many a poor woman who by her neatness, taste, and skill in this art of petty display used to make a tolerable living, can do so no longer, and finds herself driven to the wretched resource of slop-work. The slop employer, driven by the competition of his fellows, pays, as everybody knows, a wage regulated not by the value of the work done, but by the indigence and distress of those who do it. Threepence or fourpence for making a shirt—ninepence for a pair of trousers—a shilling or eighteenpence for a coat; such are about the average regulation wages for the services of women bowed down by want, who have no social organisations or trades unions by which they might combine to protect themselves. We should only be reiterating the old sad story were we to go into details on this miserable topic.

A kind of offshoot from slop-making is sack-making, in which numbers of abject women find

employment, and contrive in a wretched manner to keep body and soul together. Sacks are of very various value; a good sack costs two shillings, and the wage for making one of these is twopence; but sacks are made to sell as low as ten shillings a dozen, and even lower, and the wage for making diminishes in the ratio of their value. The work is done at the worker's home, and is delivered weekly to the employers, who live mostly on the banks of the Thames, along the line of wharves and warehouses, where the sacks are chiefly utilised. Early in the morning bands of these poor women in sordid garb may be met on London Bridge and its southern approaches, carrying on their heads the work of the past week, and returning at a later hour with the materials (if they have been so fortunate as to obtain fresh employment) for more work. The labour is hard, often lacerating the worker's fingers, and the average clear earnings, we are told, do not exceed eightpence a day.

Inquiries into the employments of the distressed classes lead at times to dismal and repulsive revelations. We have known the widow of a professional man, who had passed fifty years of her life in prosperity and comfort, reduced at the approach of age to utter friendlessness by the death of her husband, and compelled to earn her scanty bread by cutting wooden soles for the clog and patten makers, that being the only work she could undertake, her failing sight preventing her from using her needle. Not long ago, an old man who had once been a thriving shopkeeper, might have been seen wheeling a barrow along a suburban road near London, in which barrow he collected the horse manure from the road and sold it to the market-gardeners. It was several hours' work to collect the barrow full, and when well filled it would sell for fourpence or fivepence. Worse still, we have ourselves seen aged women following this repulsive labour, and depositing their gatherings in their aprons. Younger women of the same friendless class are employed in numbers in sifting and sorting the contents of our dust-bins in the dust-yards, not only of London, but of other large towns. In London they receive nominally tenpence a day, but as they work in the open-air and cannot work in wet weather, this wage is rarely paid in full. Skewer-making is another miserable craft followed by both sexes, the employers being butchers, cat's-meat sellers, poulters, tripe sellers, etc. Skewers are paid for by the thousand, according to their size, the pay ranging from sixpence to ninepence a thousand. Women used also to make splints for pipe lighting, and sell them at the public-houses; but latterly these have been made by machinery at a cost with which starvation itself can hardly compete. There are in London persons of both sexes who earn their living by snatching it, as it were, from the fields and hedge-rows of the surrounding country. They sally forth in the morning long before sunrise in search of whatever they can find, or what the season may afford, and may often be met with returning, about noon or later, with their spoils. These consist of wild-flower roots—primroses, violets, blue-bells, cowslips, daffodils, and other field flowers—of the downy catkins popularly known as “palm”—of grass and clover turfs for caged birds, and all such kinds of green food for birds as the season will yield—of birds' nests and eggs, and young birds fit to be reared by hand—of sticklebacks and minnows netted in the brook and brought away alive in bottles—of

herbs and roots for the herbalists, among which the dandelion root is sure to figure—of hawthorn boughs in early bloom, and oak-apples on King Charles's day—of sticks of dog-wood, used for cleaning watches and jewellery—of mushrooms, and even of truffles, and sometimes of live snakes useful for the manufacture of snake soup, supposed to be strengthening to consumptive patients. We hardly know a more touching street spectacle than that of one of these poor foragers who, returning from his weary tramp of perhaps twenty miles, is overtaken by sleep and drops down upon some doorstep or in some inviting corner, where he lies fast bound in slumber while his hardly-won spoils are withering around him.

One of the most grotesquely picturesque among the squalid strugglers for existence who come before the public, is the lumber-woman, whom one meets with in the marine and poverty-stricken districts of Eastern London, and in corresponding localities in Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol, and other provincial capitals. She is often an Irishwoman, perhaps oftener than not—she deals in what is properly termed lumber, though it is lumber of a particular kind. Her wares consist of anything and everything coming under the denomination either of house furniture or clothing, and as these limits are pretty large, her stock is sufficiently various. She would keep a shop if she could afford it; but she cannot, and so instead of paying shop-rent she displays her questionable and fragmentary wares along the edge of the gutter, or on any unoccupied spot where her intrusion will be allowed. To describe her stock were to catalogue every species of rejected rubbish cast away by the housekeeper. Nothing that she owns is entire; there are legs of tables, seats of chairs, the burst and disembowelled swabs of sofas, frames of mirrors, one foot of a pair of tongs, the upper half of a poker, the snout of a bellows, the handle of a flat-iron, the outer rim of a sieve, the cover of a saucepan, a post of a bedstead, a warming-pan without a cover, a bell that wants the clapper, a part of a pair of snuffers, ditto of a candlestick, and ditto of a spice-box, and fifty other odds and ends which once formed a portion of somebody's plenishing. The relics of costume are not less various and outworn, and lacking in entirety; though of these it must be confessed the shoes and boots, or rather the ruined remains of shoes and boots, are greatly in excess. For one skirt of a dress, sleeve of a jacket, or tail of a coat, there will be a dozen independent soles and cracked uppers, while among the whole collection there is not a single article to be found in a state for present use. All this miscellaneous stuff is most likely begged from people who are glad to get rid of it, or picked out of the dust-bins and rubbish-heaps of the neighbourhood. The wonder is that any market should be found for it, and that the poor lumber-woman should be able to realise even a few coppers a day by the sale of it.

We have not half exhausted this subject, but we are warned by considerations of space to stop. There are a crowd of other occupations in the hands of women and children, by the pursuit of which the poor creatures are kept on the verge of famine, and are often only saved from it by workhouse aid. So sad is the fate of an ever-increasing class, whose lot is to be ground to powder in the social mill, and to live, if living it can be called, by the “hard-earned penny.”

CAMBRIDGE AND ITS COLLEGES.

BY THE REV. F. ARNOLD.

IV.

WE now come to the great foundation of St. John's College, which in the judgment of all is at least the second college in Cambridge, and in some respects is decidedly the first. The Johnian fellows are emphatically the dons of demonstration. St. John's is the native home of senior wranglers, and has monopolised by far the largest share of mathematical honours. It has made itself honourably pre-eminent by the vast and splendid improvements which it has successfully achieved, through a long series of years, not without a large amount of generous self-sacrifice on the part of the society. The magnificent new court, with its bridge arched over the river, reminding us, as it has reminded many, of the Bridge of Sighs at Venice, is the finest modern structure among the quadrangles of Cambridge, and its cathedral-like chapel, now rapidly approaching completion, has been truly characterised as unequalled among modern ecclesiastical buildings for costly splendour. Perhaps the Johnian undergraduates are not the most popular men of their time among their Cambridge contemporaries, but none are more respected, and with the greatest justice. St. John's, differing from any other Cambridge college, has a strong political character attached to it, and can always produce a Tory candidate for the parliamentary representation of the university. The college is also remarkable for its strong and honourable *esprit de corps* among the members, and their strong attachment to the illustrious foundation.*

The foundress of St. John's College was the Lady Margaret, Countess of Richmond and Derby, and mother of Henry the Seventh. She was also the founder of Christ's College. There is no lady's name in our history which is celebrated with more frequent and grateful praises than that of the Lady Margaret. A hospital dedicated to St. John once occupied the present site of St. John's College. In process of time its buildings had grown dilapidated, and the character of the institution and its members had experienced still greater dilapidation. Now, the Lady Margaret, having founded preacherships in both universities, and also Christ's College at Cambridge, was bethinking herself of founding, in turn, some college in Oxford. Her confessor, the famous Bishop Fisher, rather led her thoughts to Cambridge, and when she wished to bestow her charitable endowments on Westminster Abbey, where her son was building a sumptuous chapel for his own interment, she was reminded that Westminster Abbey was already rich enough. So, with the consent of her royal son and the Bishop of Ely, she went on with her good works of Christ's and St. John's. The great lady died before the foundation of the new college of St. John was well and truly laid. Bishop Fisher preached her funeral sermon, and Erasmus wrote her epitaph. She died, and left successors to carry out her design, and, after much delay from king, pope, and bishop, the old hospital was condemned, and the college rose slowly in its stead. In the recent works at St. John's the curious old chapel of the Canons

Regular of the hospital was revealed in the earliest type of Early English. Some arches of the piscina are used in the new chapel. King Henry the Eighth, as his manner was, had confiscated to his own use most of his grandmother's wealth, which she had designed for St. John's; but, according to the happy fortune of Cambridge, the funds were soon largely increased by private benefactions.

Bishop Fisher, the chancellor of the university, who had pushed the new foundation safely through the troublous period that had succeeded the Lady Margaret's death, so exerted himself that sufficient funds were obtained to found thirty-two fellowships. In those old days, six pounds a year was considered sufficient maintenance for a Fellow; and after making every abatement for the increased value of money, it is clear that they lived with a rigid simplicity that contrasts strongly with the modern comforts and luxuries of those "petty kings," the Fellows of colleges. It was ordained that so far as possible the college should keep up the customs, institutions, and duties of the hospital; moreover, that a bell should be rung at four in the morning, to awaken such scholars throughout the university as were willing to leave their beds to follow their studies. The debts of the old hospital had all been duly paid, according to the will of the Lady Margaret. The first master was Robert Shorter; in all, the number of masters has been thirty-four. Bishop Fisher was a great benefactor in money, books, and lands.

Among the earliest benefactors was Hugh Ashton, of Lancashire, who founded four fellowships and four scholarships. His monument is preserved in the chapel of St. John's College, and is a valuable specimen of the monumental sculpture of the period. Hugh Ashton is reclining on a tablet supported by four pillars, with his hands folded palm to palm, in an attitude of prayer; in the space below a skeleton is sculptured in the same attitude. Thomas Baker, the author of the "History of St. John's College," thus gratefully commemorates him, in speaking of the Ashton charity in the college chapel:—"Might I choose my place of sepulchre, I would lay my body there; that as I owe the few comforts I enjoy to Mr. Ashton's bounty, so I might not be separated from him in my death: wherever his body lies, may his ashes rest peaceably! And may I wish him that happiness which I dare not pray for, but which my hopes are he now enjoys! I daily bless God for him, and thankfully commemorate him, and could I think he now desired of me what his foundation requires, I would follow him with my prayers, and pursue him on my knees."* This grateful language faithfully reflects the feeling of many a pious scholar towards many a pious benefactor. Baker always used to keep a portrait of Ashton in his room, on which he has written a celebrated poem, and he was laid close to the remains of the benefactor whom he so greatly revered.

* Baker's valuable history of St. John's College, the original of which is in the British Museum (Ms. Hist. 1039; the twelfth of twenty three vols. of "Baker" MSS.), and a fair Italian manuscript in St. John's Library has recently been edited by the Rev. J. E. B. Mayor, with valuable annotations for the Syndics of the University Press, and printed at the University Press in two thick volumes. It is a noble addition to the literature belonging to Cambridge. Mr. Mayor points out that much yet may be done in this way for other colleges in Cambridge.

* A writer in the "Saturday Review" says:—"The affections of the old Oxonian for the most part centre in his university; those of the Cambridgian in his college. The Oxonian calls Oxford 'she,' the Cantab calls Cambridge 'it.'"

Thomas Jenner, who was the seventh master of the college, used to preach at St. Paul's Cross, and is said to have had a true tincture of the spirit of Latimer or Luther. In one of these Paul's Cross sermons he spoke of the "small number of poor godly diligent students now remaining" in the colleges of Cambridge in consequence of courtiers stealing away the revenues that might have accrued to the university, and gives a touching account of their simple rigid lives. "There be divers there which rise daily betwixt four and five of the clock in the morning, and from five until six of the clock are at common prayer, with an exhortation of God's word in a common chapel, and from six until ten of the clock are at either private study or common lectures. At ten of the clock they go to dinner, whereat they be content with a penny piece of beef amongst four, having a pea porridge made of the broth of the same beef with salt and oatmeal and nothing else. After this slender dinner they be either teaching or learning until five of the clock in the evening, whereat they have a supper not much better than their dinner. Immediately after the which they go either to reasoning in problems or unto some other study until it be nine or ten of the clock, and then being without food are fain to walk or run up and down to get a heat on their flesh when they go to bed."

The history of St. John's College faithfully reflects the great struggles that have determined the character of our modern history, the Reformation and the Civil War. St. John's evidently threw itself with much earnestness into the cause of the Reformation, with a strong bias to the Puritan side. Pilkington, who succeeded Lever, was the friend of Bale and Bullinger, and, so far as he could, brought the Geneva system into Cambridge. The most distinguished of the Puritan masters was William Whitaker, who confessedly was one of the greatest men the college ever had, and his mastership the most flourishing and remarkable period in the history of St. John's. In his time the college was crowded with students, and every corner of the building was turned to account. Even the buildings behind the kitchen and the very stables were let off into tenements for scholars. Baker says of Whitaker that "he kept his wife in town according to a laudable injunction of Queen Elizabeth generally observed till towards the times of usurpation, when all things run into confusion, and wives with their dependencies were brought in to the disturbance of scholars." We can hardly tell what would have been the feelings of the worthy antiquary or yet of Queen Elizabeth if they could look forward to the present degenerate days, when a considerable proportion even of Fellows are married, and croquet grounds are established on the sacred college lawns within the sacred academic shades. Whitaker's library was so choice and valuable that after his decease "the queen had a design upon it for herself." The college gave the great master a stately public funeral and a marble monument. There had been great heartburnings in his election and early rule, but he seems to have lived down all reproach.

The college had so flourished during his time, that the first work of his successor, Richard Clayton, was to build the second court, but it was drily said that as the college began to rise in buildings so it declined in learning. The expense of the second court was chiefly defrayed by the Countess of Shrewsbury, who was, however, unable to complete

her design or leave any endowments. When Clayton died, Bishop Neile ordered a most sumptuous funeral; we find, indeed, a phrase of very dubious meaning: "A banquet was to be provided for all strangers, and the whole house to exceed that night in some extraordinary manner." The strong Puritan element seems by this time to have very much died out of St. John's.

To James the First the university was "rather fawning than dutiful," for when King James issued his famous "Counterblast against Tobacco," "the university, to show how entirely they were in his Majesty's sentiments, passed an order against excessive drinking and taking tobacco." The year after the accession of King Charles an extraordinary incident occurred which was thought to be an omen prophetic of evil. A fish being brought from the coast to the Cambridge market, when it was cut up a book was found in the contents of the stomach; the book, being examined, was found to be "A Preparation for the Cross," supposed to have been written by one Richard Tracy in the time of Henry the Eighth. Bishop Usher, to whom the matter was reported, looked upon it as an admonition to prepare for suffering. The story is perfectly well authenticated, the book having been reprinted the year after its discovery under the title of "Vox Piscis," with a preface giving a full account of all the circumstances.

In the Civil War the college gave up all its plate, upwards of two thousand ounces, as well as a large money contribution, to the king. "This was sent to the king at York or Nottingham, not without some difficulty, having been conveyed through bye paths and secret passages; whereby they escaped the designs of Oliver Cromwell, who with a party of townsmen and rustics lay in wait near Lauer hedges to intercept it; and being vexed with a disappointment he returns to Cambridge soon after with a greater force, surrounds St. John's College whilst they were at their devotions in the chapel, carries off Dr. Beale, whom with Dr. Martin, master of Queen's, and Dr. Sterne, master of Jesus (three of the most active men in the business of the plate), he conducts prisoners with him to London, leading them through Bartholomew fair and a great part of the city to be exposed to and insulted by the rabble; when after much rude and insolent treatment they had the favour to be made prisoners in the Tower. But this being too honourable or too expensive an imprisonment, after a vast expense they were put on board a ship and clapped under deck, and (if we may believe good authority) were intended to be lent or sold to some of our plantations" (Baker). Since the period of the Restoration, St. John's College has been so happy as hardly to possess a history. At least, its pacific annals are almost entirely occupied with the increase of benefactions and endowments, the academic glories of its members, its increased development, and the erection of its new and sumptuous buildings.

We will now take a traveller's glance at these buildings of the college. They consist of four courts, the last new court having a very distinct and different character to the first three. The first three are plain, built principally of brick, on the east side of the Cam, and extend in a straight line up to the very bank of the river; the fourth is built principally of stone, on the other side of the stream. Every visitor is struck with the rich antique gateway of the first court, of red brick and white stone. It has a vaulted roof, and consists of an imposing tower; here are

ensculptured the armorial bearings of the Lady Margaret, and the rose and portcullis, the emblems of the college. St. John has his statue of honour in an ornamented niche; under the inner face of the gateway tower is the Lady Margaret's statue. The old chapel and the hall are in the first court. The hall, which has been lately enlarged, is a lofty and handsome room, and has a canopy, a richly gilt and carved wainscoting. Here are portraits of the foundress, of Archbishop Williams, and Sir Ralph Hare, and around the room are portraits of other illustrious men connected with the college—a curious half-length of Bishop Fisher, a full-length of the admirable Bishop Morton, portraits of the great scholars Parr and Bentley, the poet Wordsworth, the missionary Henry Martyn, Bishop Stillingfleet, Baker the antiquary, Professor Adams, the living astronomer who will always live, Dr. Wood, the admirable master, whose name recalls the great official names of Whitaker and Whewell.

The second court is larger and more picturesque. It is of red brick Tudor architecture, with high gables all round, and its ordinary aspect is still, studious, and homelike. On the west is another noble gateway tower, which contrasts with the low range of buildings; the third statue is that of the Countess of Shrewsbury. The third court is smaller, and of somewhat quaint aspect. The library occupies the whole upper part of the third side. It was erected chiefly at the cost of the Lord Keeper Williams, Archbishop of York, the last of the Prince Ecclesiastics who have held the chancellor's office. The college ought to have had the murdered Bishop Fisher's library, "the noblest library of books in all England, two long galleries full." He had left them to the college, but they were confiscated on his apprehension. Still, when John Evelyn visited Cambridge in 1654, he thought it "ye fairest of that university." It has received many rich benefactions, and is particularly rich in the varieties of Caxton and the early English printers, and in Elizabethan literature. Archbishop Williams left the library all his books. His armorial bearings are emblazoned on the roof. The noble room is lighted by ten lofty pointed windows with excellent Gothic tracery. The master's lodge, an entirely new building, with garden grounds, extends westward from the chapel. It is rich in portraits, containing Holbein's pictures of Bishop Fisher and the Lady Margaret; a copy of Vandyke's Earl of Strafford, now, we think, in the Petworth collection; Matthew Prior in his ambassadorial robes, with various others. Among other curiosities is a set of highly-ornamented chairs, said to have been presented to the society by Charles the Second.

We pass by a light Gothic bridge into the new and fourth court. A three-arched stone bridge, like the old bridge, has replaced the wooden bridge which before the erection of the new court used to be the only entrance into the college gardens. Mr. Everett, the American writer, says of the covered arched bridge of a single span:—"To look out from the long and elegant mullioned windows down the river, with the buildings coming down close to the water, in their rich red and yellow, and the heavy black barges forcing their way slowly up, gives a silent picture of perfectly Venetian character; while looking up the river there is a view of some of the rooms in Trinity, their windows just peeping out of clusters of ivy, and all along the banks smooth lawns shelving to the water under

venerable trees, and the grey old bridge of St. John's, all telling you, you are in dear domestic England." The new quadrangle is as pleasantly situated as any in the university. A vaulted cloister extends along the whole south side, in the centre of which is a handsome gateway with a roof of fair tracery, with a rich central pendant. This stately set of buildings makes up a hundred and five sets of rooms; it forms a body and two wings in imitative Tudor, the body chiefly consisting of a massive lantern tower with corner turret. Mr. Everett writes:—"It is said that the architect, a very zealous reviver of the Gothic style, on seeing an undergraduate in the court shut his window on a very cold day, rushed up to his room and begged him never to shut both halves of his window, because the best effect of the building depended upon one half being open." We need hardly say that this pleasant story is to be taken *cum grano*. The grounds of the college are very beautiful, with greater variety than elsewhere in the university. The college walks have lost many of the fine trees they once possessed. There are fine elms still, and the walks terraced with trim paths encompass the meadows. The Fellows' garden is so thickly wooded that it rather deserves the name of grove. It is also called the Wilderness. It has a pleasant bowling-green, and it is said that the trees are planted in such order as to resemble, when in leaf, the interior of a church.

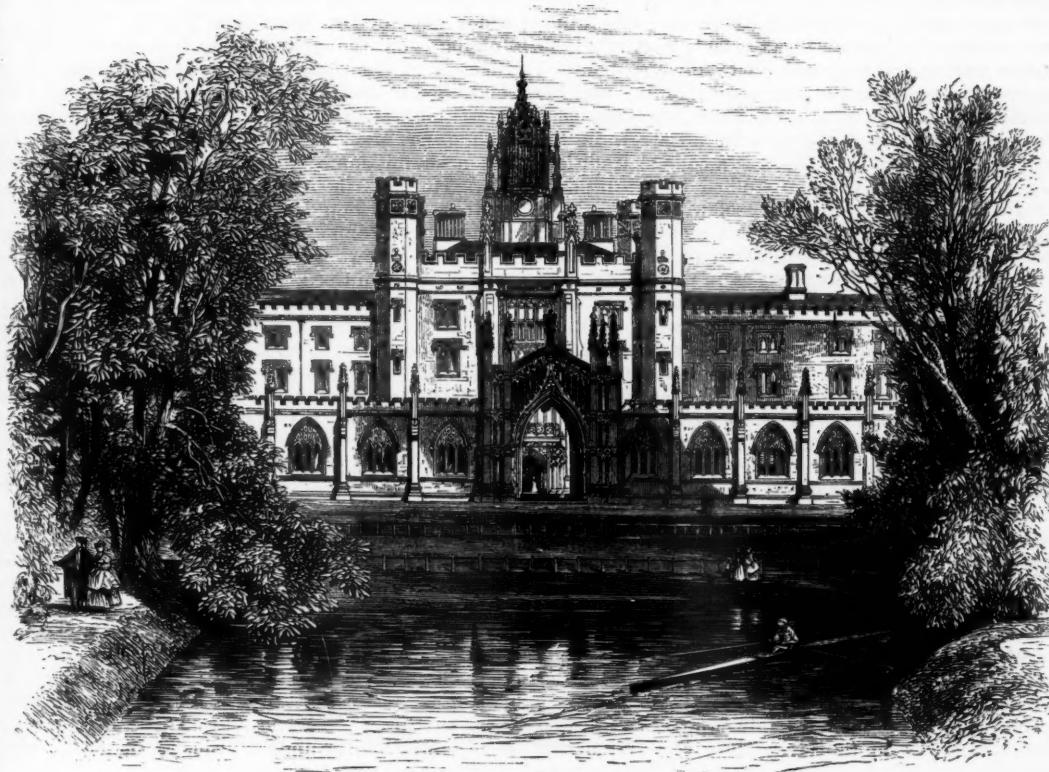
We must now say a few words concerning the magnificent structure of the new chapel. For many years it had been deeply felt by members of the college that there was a great need of a new chapel, and that this would be in the highest sense a good work. This feeling was especially manifested in the year 1861, in constant college discussions, and found special expression in a sermon preached at the annual commemoration on May 6th (St. John Port Latin) by Canon Selwyn, the Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity, and former Fellow. Canon Selwyn is a brother of the late Lord Justice Selwyn, and of the present Bishop of Lichfield. In this sermon he strongly and pointedly urged on the college to proceed with the good work which had been so much in their hearts. In the same month it was resolved by the master and seniors of the society to commence the building of the chapel. On the long bright midsummer day of 1863 the contractors commenced, and once more on St. John Port Latin day the foundation-stone was laid by a former scholar of the college, the late lamented Henry Hoare, the banker. In a note to a work just published, "Memoir of Henry Hoare," by Rev. J. B. Sweet, we read the following:—"His connection with the addition of a tower to the magnificent chapel recently consecrated at St. John's College, Cambridge, his family college, is now no secret. His offer was of £1,000 yearly, for five years; but with the distinct and careful proviso 'that the offer should be understood not to extend beyond his life. In other words, that there were not to be more contributions of £1,000 each than the years he should live.' I have this from Dr. Bateson himself [the present master of the college]. He was then only fifty-five years of age, but the importance of attending to the rule laid down by St. James (iv. 15) was sadly exemplified by the fact that he lived only to offer two of the intended instalments." The consecration of the chapel took place on the 12th of May, 1869, by the Bishop of Ely, who is the official visitor of the college, and diocesan, the sermon being

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preached by Bishop Selwyn, like his brother, a former Fellow of the society.

On the day of consecration a valuable pamphlet was issued for private circulation by the Rev. G. F. Reynar, a senior Fellow of the society, giving a full account of the chapel. It is built after a design by

note of recent or contemplated improvements in the college, which completes the history of the fabric. The dining-hall has been considerably enlarged. The windows contain a figure of St. John and old armorial paintings from the old chapel, in addition to new coats-of-arms. The additions to the hall and the



NEW BUILDINGS OF ST. JOHN'S.

Mr. George Gilbert Scott, in the architectural style known as the Early Decorated, in the style of the old chapel before the Tudor alterations. The Ashton monument, Dr. Wood's stalls, and the slates of the old chapel are all transferred here, and also the window that had been placed in the old chapel in memory of Professor Blunt by his widow and family. The cost of the chapel, up to the time of consecration, was £53,000, exclusive of many valuable gifts, specially of painted glass. The great west window, representing the Last Judgment, is the gift of the undergraduates; the five windows of the apse are the gift of Lord Powis, the high steward; the red marble of the apse was the gift of the Duke of Devonshire, the chancellor. All the references to scriptural subjects are to the Gospel of St. John, in whose name the college is dedicated. The roof of the chapel is in nineteen bays, of which eighteen contain pictures of illustrious men of the eighteen Christian centuries successively. In the sixteenth century a place of honour is given to the Lady Margaret, the foundress. The central bay, representing the first century, is "The Lord in Majesty." At the termination of the principal ribs of the roof are a series of statues carved in stone.

Mr. Reynar, in an "Addenda," gives an interesting

new chapel have rendered necessary the erection of a new master's lodge, noted above, where the study of the old lodge, with its oriel, has been reproduced. Much of the old wood paneling and ceiling have been preserved; the chimney-piece in the entrance-hall was formerly in the old combination-room. The ancient long gallery has been extended, and serves as a combination-room; the Elizabethan ornamental ceiling extending into the vestibule of the library. There is a staircase from the dining-hall to the long gallery with fine old oak ceiling from the Ashton chantry. There is a new entrance from the second court to the tower court. The first court of the college will be completed on the east side by two lecture-rooms; the lower room will have a large bay window, and it is proposed that the upper lecture-room shall have both a bay and an oriel.

The college boasts a long array of famous and illustrious men. It has truly great names in every department of human activity and intellectual excellence. Its Fellows are always in the foremost ranks of academic distinction. We are persuaded also that there is many a narrative belonging to many an unknown name which would speak of perseverance in the pursuit of knowledge, of genius, of labour, of self-denial. The college, by its sizarships and nume-

rous other benefactions, has always given a generous encouragement to young men of character and attainment struggling with the *res angusta domi*. St. John's sets apart about £6,200 for the maintenance of scholarships, exhibitions, and other emoluments, tenable by men *in statu pupillari*.

A memorable example is given by Dr. Wood, who was master of the college for twenty-four years (1815—1839) and one of its greatest benefactors. His father was a weaver, living in a bleak remote part of a Lancashire parish. He opened an evening school, and taught his son arithmetic and algebra. He and his worthy wife lived to see that son attain to eminence. He was a sizar, and "kept" in a garret, in the second court, letter O. There is a college tradition, well authenticated, that he studied by the light of the rush candle on the staircase, with his feet in straw, not being able to afford fire and candle. He was senior wrangler, became Dean of Ely and head of his college; spent sixty years in Cambridge, and for most of that time was of unsurpassed influence there. It is pleasant to find that before his death he founded nine exhibitions, of £40 a-year each, for undergraduate members "who are most in want of pecuniary assistance, and who are at the same time most distinguished for their regularity of conduct, industry, and learning." He gave his college £15,000 in his lifetime, and it is supposed to profit to the extent of £50,000 more by his will. The nucleus for the building-fund of the chapel was £20,000, which by his will he had directed to be immediately invested for the permanent good of his college.

Another most widely-known example was Henry Kirke White. It was with great difficulty and anxiety that he found his way to college, and by the end of the first year, when he had won the first place, the college gave him what might be termed an academical subsistence. But White was poet as well as mathematician, the mental strain was too much, and worn and weary in the strife, he died. When his affecting story was told, Cambridge men, his contemporaries, hardly believed that the details of such a life-history could have passed almost beneath their eyes. An American gentleman, by one of those individual acts which often go so far to bind nations in links of sympathy and friendship, caused a monument to be erected to his memory in the church of the parish where he was buried. It is now to be removed to the new chapel of St. John's. It was done by Chantrey, and shows a portrait of the poet within a medallion in bas-relief. Below is Professor Langton's celebrated inscription:—

"Warm with fond hope, and learning's sacred flame,
To Granta's bowers the youthful poet came;
Unconquered pow'r'd th' immortal mind displayed,
But, worn with anxious thought, the frame decayed.
Pale o'er his lamp, within his cell retired,
The martyr-student faded and expired.
O genius, taste, and piety sincere!
Too early lost 'midst duties too severe.
Foremost to mourn was generous Southey seen;
He told the tale, and shewed what White had been—
Nor told in vain; far o'er the Atlantic wave
A wanderer came and sought the poet's grave:
On yon low stone he saw his lonely name,
And raised this fond memorial to his fame."

Our space will only afford mere allusive mention to many illustrious names. Mr. Mayor's edition of "Baker" gives the full roll of the masters and prelates who have belonged to St. John's; and we have now made mention of many of the more conspicuous

masters. Among the prelates, Mr. Mayor devotes about a hundred and fifty pages to that extraordinary man Herbert Marsh, Bishop of Peterborough, and a large space also to Dr. Butler, lay head master of Shrewsbury, a school closely identified with St. John's, and afterwards Bishop of Lichfield. He considers that Butler's character, as a great and good schoolmaster, has been unduly obscured by the wider fame of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. The present Johnians on the rolls of the bishops include the Bishops of Gloucester and Bristol, Hereford, Lichfield, Sodor and Man, Grahamstown, Natal. The latest biography given is that of the missionary bishop, Dr. Mackenzie, who made up his mind to go out as a missionary after reading Henry Martyn's life. He died in Africa; his biography has been written by Bishop Harvey Goodwin. There are no names at St. John's which approach the great names of Trinity—Newton and Bacon. The greatest statesman is William Cecil, Lord Burghley, who took the keenest interest in his college. The tendency of all our later information respecting the history of the sixteenth century, as indicated by such writers as Mr. Motley and Mr. Froude, is greatly to raise the estimate of the character of Burghley. Macaulay, in the beginning of his celebrated essay, infers that Burghley made a very large fortune by his services under the crown; but we are now fully able to see the disinterestedness of his patriotism, and that he greatly impoverished himself in the service of Elizabeth. Another illustrious name connected with Elizabeth, and also with Lady Jane Grey, is Roger Ascham, the author of the "Schoolmaster." Another great statesman is Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, whose scheme of "Thorough" brought him to the scaffold. A whole catalogue might be given of theologians, mathematicians, and controversialists. We cannot exhaust the list of worthies, but in conclusion mention three poets who adorned the three eras of our literary history under queens regnant, eras which may well conflict for the title of Augustan—"rare Ben Jonson," of the era of Elizabeth; Mat Prior, of the era of Anne; William Wordsworth, of the era of Victoria.

THE ADVENTURES OF A MUMMY.

PROBABLY few of our readers ever heard of a coroner's inquest being held on the body of an individual nearly 4,000 years after his death. That such was the case in one instance at least, the following singular tale will show. Between thirty and forty years ago the late Mr. John Gossett, of the Isle of Jersey, was making the tour of the Nile in company with Mr. Lane, the well-known author of "Modern Egypt." On their arrival at Thebes they were introduced to the subject of our tale; and the way by which the introduction was effected is thus recorded in Mr. Gossett's journal:—

"Thebes, May 12, 1835. Several fellahs, who may be called the resurrection men of Thebes, are in the habit of excavating for antiquities, which they sell to travellers, in spite of the pasha's monopoly, and of his excavator, a Turk, who employs twenty or thirty boys constantly, but seldom finds anything. A gang composed of five sent us word that they had found a tomb untouched, and said, if we wished to see it, we might come at night with one of their party. Accordingly, Mr. Lane and myself went this evening.

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From the tomb we descended, through a narrow, steep, and winding passage, into a small cavern hewn in the rock, into which we groped upon our hands and feet and found three mummies. It was impossible here to open and examine them. We were covered with dust and almost stifled going down the pit to the cavern, but delighted to see the manner in which the ancient Egyptians buried their dead. This style of mummy is very ancient, being of the time of the Pharaohs. It is in two cases, each of which is beautifully painted, the first case not unlike the style of painting and subjects in the tombs, the top representing the ceiling; inside, offerings to Osiris, etc., priests with leopard-skins, snake, jackal, and bare-headed divinities, a king's name upon a leather bandage, flowers of lotus, a garland, also a wreath round the forehead."

Mr. Gossett died in Paris on his way home; and his entire collection of Egyptian antiquities, consisting of several articles of great curiosity and interest, was presented, by his father, to the recently-formed museum at St. Helier's, Jersey. Prominent among all the other specimens of antiquarian lore which formed the nucleus of the infant museum, was the coffin containing the mummy, the hero of our tale. The tomb, which originally held the sepulchral remains, was found in one of the valleys on the western side of Thebes, where Sir Gardner Wilkinson saw a tomb bearing the name of Amenophis III, so well known to the Greeks as the King of the Vocal Statue. There is a representation of the same Pharaoh painted in brilliant colours in the interior of Mr. Gossett's coffin, and beneath the figure is the royal cartouche, containing in hieroglyphic characters his name and distinction, from which it was inferred that the original occupant of the tomb was none other than this distinguished and illustrious king.

Amenophis III belonged to that long line of magnificent Pharaohs of the eighteenth dynasty, whose power may be said to have been cradled with Aahmes, the conqueror of the shepherds, described in Scripture as "the king which knew not Joseph," and which culminated in the person of Ramessu the Great—a record of whose long reign, *viz.*, the "sixty-sixth year," is to be seen on the walls of the British Museum. It is this Pharaoh which is supposed to be represented by the two colossal statues in the plains of Thebes. The British Museum contains a statue of this same Pharaoh in black syenite stone, in a sitting posture between eight and nine feet high, and there is no better specimen in this country of Egyptian sculpture. He wears no clothing beyond the tight apron round his waist, no sandals to his feet, no crown or helmet on his head, but an asp is fastened to his hair as the ornament of his forehead, and the long hair behind is tied by a ribbon and formed into a tail. The nose and hand are broken, but the rest of the figure is perfect, and shows very high excellence in art. The attitude is simple, and like its colossal type at Thebes, the body is motionless, and the face wants expression. Nevertheless, there is great breadth in the parts, correctness in the proportions, and true grandeur in the simplicity.

In due course of time, Amenophis III went the way of all flesh, and was gathered to his fathers, and the *first* inquest was then held over the body of this mighty king. For the custom amongst the Egyptians was that after embalming,* a formal

inquest was held over the deceased previous to interment. The burial-places of the Egyptians being usually situated on the western bank of the Nile, it became necessary to carry the deceased across the water. And this was deemed of such consequence in a religious point of view, that when the river did not intervene, an artificial lake was made for the purpose. Before the coffin was placed in the *Makhen*, or sacred boat, forty-two judges took their seats beside the water, and all comers were publicly cited to accuse the deceased. His relatives attended on the other side, in order to record his good qualities, when judgment was given *pro* or *con*. If a just impediment was alleged, the body was remitted to the house till the family could disprove the accusation, or discharge the debt. If the verdict was favourable, an attendant touched the mummy with the symbol of approval, and it was conveyed to the tomb in the midst of priests reciting prayers, incense smoking, and surrounded with all the gorgeous *éclat* of funeral rites.

Years rolled by. The palaces and temples of Thebes fell into ruins, and in the course of ages a stranger from our land, in the course of his wanderings, lighted upon the valley containing the royal tombs, and with that curiosity which is so inherent to the English mind, took upon himself to disturb the ashes of the dead after a peaceful repose of between 3,000 and 4,000 years. We have already seen that the mummy of this mighty Pharaoh found its second resting-place in the Isle of Jersey; but after a few years the museum came to grief, and the different articles that had been lent to it were returned to their respective owners. The mummy, together with a goodly collection of Egyptian antiquities, was sent back to Mr. Gossett, the father of the gentleman who had brought them from the East; at whose death a few years later they were equally divided amongst his five sons. The mummy fell to the lot of a personal friend of the writer, who was living in England at the time, and who, on returning to Jersey, after an absence of some years, found it lying quietly in a merchant's store, but a good deal injured by the damp, and somewhat mouldy from its weight of years. My friend could not succeed in getting house-room for it, so, after consulting with his kinsfolk and neighbours, it was thought advisable to burn it, in order to prevent the remains turning up and causing trouble on some future occasion. So in the dog days of 1856 he ordered an undertaker to provide a decent shell which might serve as a funeral pyre, the cases which contained it being far too costly to be sacrificed as fuel on the occasion. Then, having obtained a suitable supply of faggots for the purpose, he proceeded early one morning to a field of his own, about a mile from the town of St. Helier, and there, with the assistance of a relative, disposed of the mummy of the mighty Pharaoh, by reducing it to dust and ashes. Vainly supposing that all was over, and that no more would be ever heard of these royal bones, our arsonic friends quitted the scene of the catastrophe, leaving two of their servants in charge of the pyre, whom they directed not on any account to leave the place until every trace or vestige of human remains had disappeared. But this they neglected to do when

and with it; and since this miserable mode of continued existence was the noblest with which they were acquainted, they used every means to make the body indestructible by embalming. But if it was not embalmed, or by any accident was destroyed, then began the transmigration of the soul.

* Zoega, in his work "De Obeliscis," considers that as long as the body was not decayed, the soul, according to Egyptian notions, existed in

their master's back was turned, and hence the trouble which speedily followed.

My friend was obliged to leave early for England the next morning, and what was his astonishment and horror to find everybody on board the steamer talking of a double murder which had been committed the day before in the island, the murderers, it was said, having been caught *flagrante delicto* burning the bodies, in order to avoid detection. Here was a pretty kettle of fish to fry. The following account, taken from one of the local journals, will enable our readers to understand the unpleasant predicament in which my friend thus unexpectedly found himself, and all through a laudable anxiety to dispose decently of poor Pharaoh's bones :—

"About noon yesterday the remains of two* human bodies were discovered in a spot well suited for concealment, where a stone had been quarried, near the road between Bagot and Bagatelle. The greater portion of the flesh had been consumed by fire from materials collected in the immediate vicinity. The head and teeth of one are perfect, except some injuries which it is supposed must have been produced by severe blows; of the other, the skull is broken into pieces. A brick with some coarse cloth adhering to it was near or among the charred remains."

A later paper reports that "a jury, called by the Deputy Viscount, went to the spot with the Attorney-General, to view the remains of the bodies. There were assembled the constable of St. Saviour and a number of other members of the police. Smoke was yet visible issuing from the charred heap of bones and matter, supposed to be the remains of two women, who rumour said had been murdered in this secluded spot. A skull, whitened from the effects of the fire, was clearly visible, and also several portions of a second. Dr. Vaudin was present, and, on examining the bones, found them full of animal matter. Among the heap he turned up some fowl bones, and a goat's head with the horns still visible, as also a quantity of broken glass and nails, all which tended to add to the mystery. The jury, having been sworn, proceeded to hear the evidence. Mr. Henri Malzard was the first witness called. He said that he rented the field called La Hurette from Mr. A. Gossett; and that when walking over his farm, and arriving at this secluded spot, he perceived the fire, the heap of bones, and on the top the human skull. He called his son, who went for the police. The son corroborated the father's evidence, and orders were given by the Attorney-General to have the remains of the two bodies carefully taken up, under the superintendence of Dr. Vaudin, and conveyed to the General Hospital, there to be analysed.

"The jury was on the point of adjourning, when a young lad came up, and, on inquiring what was going on, said that these bones were the remains of mummies, which Mr. Gossett had burnt in the morning. We cannot describe the effect which this startling announcement had upon the jury.

"Mr. P. Gossett was immediately sent for, and on his arrival, explained that about 7 A.M. he and five friends had burnt a whole male Egyptian mummy, part of a female mummy, and a quantity of other human bones, which were contained in a case.

* Amongst the curiosities burnt on the occasion there was a second skull, together with some bones of the sacred ibis, which were commonly placed by the Egyptians in the coffins of their dead.

Not knowing what to do with this lumber, and not wishing to bury it, he had resolved to burn it, intending to return in the evening to bury the ashes. After this explanation, the jury returned the following verdict :—

"That the remains are those of an Egyptian mummy, and other human remains, the property of Alfred Gossett, gentleman, and that they were burnt in the corner of a field belonging to the said Alfred Gossett, on Thursday morning, by order and in the presence of Philip Gossett.

"These mummies had been, we understand, for a considerable time in the possession of Mr. Gossett's family. Hundreds of people flocked in the evening to the scene of the supposed horrible tragedy; and at first all the circumstances were such a mysterious aspect, that an unfortunate individual was actually temporarily arrested, having been seen in the neighbourhood of the supposed crime. Of course, as soon as the mystery was cleared up, the poor fellow was set at liberty."

Such was the way in which the inhabitants of Jersey interpreted my friend's attempt to provide a funeral pyre for these royal remains. But all was not yet over, as he found to his cost. For after the inquest a bill of the expenses was sent in, which a lawyer advised him not to pay, on the ground that the law in Jersey required that the relatives of the person on whom an inquest was held should be responsible for the expenses, but when the body was that of a stranger, the expenses should be paid out of the public funds. So to law my friend went, with more zeal than discretion. But it was all to no purpose. The case was tried in one court, and judgment was given against him; he vainly appealed to a higher court, where he was cast again, with many pounds out of pocket into the bargain; and so before all was over, he was severely punished for his treatment of poor Pharaoh's bones.

As a finale to the adventures of this royal mummy, the cases which contained it, and which we have already described as being of great splendour and of considerable value, were accidentally destroyed by a fire in 1865. It was my friend's intention to have presented them to the Exeter Museum, which was rich in the possession of another mummy and case of nearly the same age, and he was about to take steps for that purpose, when the warehouse where they had been for some years accidentally caught fire, and the cases disappeared in the flames.

B. W. S.

THE HOUSE OF DE VALDEZ.

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE HAPPY CONCLUSION.

The precautions which Captain Digby took to cover his retreat proved successful. A cordon of men with masked faces, and language which, according to the report of the nuns who attempted to parley with them, nobody could understand, kept guard over the solitary convent, preventing all egress or alarm till an hour after sunrise, when they quietly marched away in the direction of Toledo. Thus, the morning was somewhat advanced before Doña Constanza got intelligence of what she pleased to call the sacrilege. It is said the distinguished lady and her confidential gentlewoman Marianna, tore two mantillas and three fans to pieces, in the first fervour of their indignation. Then Doña Constanza roused the Tavera and Fonseca

clans, and set the authorities, civic and provincial, to work for the capture of the fugitives; but the deed had been so quickly done, and so shrouded by the night, that nobody could tell what direction they had taken. The province of New Castile was scoured, the towns and villages searched, but searched in vain; nor could the most minute investigation make out how Digby came to know the place of Rosada's detention, or who were his assistants in the enterprise. The money-changer's daughter, Joanna, ventured to suggest that the immediate agency of Satan was manifest in the whole affair. The idea was well received by the doña's household, but it did not satisfy the doña nor the Grand Inquisitor, who exerted himself mightily on the occasion, made several arrests, and discovered some hidden heretics; but he did not discover Captain Digby, or the girl his bold stroke of business had released from the convent of St. Angelica. Such a thing as the storming of a convent had not been heard of in Toledo since the Moorish times. It struck the whole city with horror, excepting some poor girls whom their families had destined to the cloister. King Philip and the Cardinal Archbishop vied with each other in offering rewards for Digby's apprehension, or information that might lead to it; but the horror and the rewards alike failed to elicit the slightest evidence of the captain's whereabouts. At length an agent of Doña Constanza resident in Portugal, where nobody was in a hurry to serve Spanish interests, found out that on the day after the sacrifice, a boat of foreign build, and rowed by foreign sailors, had come down the Tagus with the ebbing tide, passed Lisbon, and steered for a ship lying at anchor far down the bay; but no one knew her country or her business till the boat's crew were taken on board, then she ran up the English flag, weighed anchor, set all sail, and stood out to sea.

The information, though not satisfactory, was correct. On the day mentioned, Captain Digby, after many desperate perils and strange adventures, stood once more on the quarter-deck of his own good ship, and his devoted crew made Lisbon rock and bay ring with their shouts of joy and welcome.

On that same day, Rosada de Valdez, after a sad experience of the dowerless orphan's lot, and being moved about from courtly estrado to convent cell as suited the interests or designs of heartless relations, found herself clasped to a father's breast—for Don Lorenzo was there, no longer the hermit of the lonely Sierra, dwelling in the cave of the rock and clad in goatskins, but the dignified and still handsome hidalgó whom she faintly remembered, except that in her recollection the hair was black and glossy, which years of more than common trial had made dim and grey.

"Now, fair lady," said Digby, "have I not fulfilled my promise, and brought you safe to your father's arms? though, I must admit, the way was somewhat rough and perilous, and few señoritas would have borne up so bravely as you and your fair friend did among the rocks and rapids of the Tagus. However, you are here, at last, free from haughty doñas and crafty nuns, to make your choice of life with Don Lorenzo's counsel."

"I believe my daughter has made her choice; let me avail myself of a father's privilege to ratify it, for I know she could not make a better," said Don Lorenzo, as, taking the fair, and, it must be added,

willing hand of Rosada, he placed it in that of Edward Digby. The gallant captain pressed it to his lips, but no words passed between the pair whose days of doubt and separation were thus brought to an end.



"Let no man despair of seeing good," said Elasco, who stood behind them, with Yusuf and Gulinda. "Little did you and I think to see the happiness of this day, noble Lorenzo, when we met for the first time among the lonely rugged rocks that frown so far and wild above Cordova."

"True, good Elasco, but Providence was with us up there in the stony wilderness, and has brought us all together here this day; and next to Providence you have been the best and truest friend to me and mine. It grieves me to think how long a way you will have to travel back to your venta, though doubtless the noble captain will land you as near to it as he may on the Andalusian coast," said Lorenzo.

"Nay, with the noble captain's leave I will go to England," said the shepherd. "I promised to this girl's dead mother, who sleeps beneath the palm in the ruined chapel of San Juan, that while I lived her child should never want a father's care; and I promised to my own good wife Pedrina, that I would see the girl she brought up honourably wedded to the man of her choice; and seeing it may not be safely done on this side of the sea, I will go to England, to give my own and Pedrina's blessing to their bridal, and find my way back as best I can."

"Take no thought for that, worthy Elasco; there are sea-captains in every part of England who would carry you safely back to Andalusia for the good will they bear to me," said Digby; "and, with my fair lady's leave, you shall witness, and I hope bless, two weddings instead of one, in the old parish church in Derbyshire where my forefathers have taken the marriage vow for many a generation."

That arrangement of affairs was carried out to the satisfaction of all parties; a fair wind and a calm sea gave the *Mermaid* a pleasant and speedy voyage to the English coast, and she quickly cast anchor in the then small but convenient port of Liverpool. From thence Captain Digby and his company, including the two señoritas, Don Lorenzo, Yusuf, Elasco, and Lope Mendez, with some necessary attendants, travelled post, as posting was done in those days, to an ancient and substantial manor-house in the plain county of Derbyshire, the family mansion of that branch of the great Digby line to which he belonged. There the worshipful and worthy old knight, who had been long since reconciled by letter to his wandering son, and duly apprised of the new friends he might expect to see, welcomed them with the jovial hospitality of the times and country. There Elasco, and all whom it concerned, witnessed two weddings in the old parish church, solemnised according to the English ritual, to which nobody objected on the score of law or religion, different as their early teachings had been. Hard trials and true affection had brought them all to the spirit of the same faith, though the letter and the formula might be new. On the lighting of bonfires and the ringing of joy-bells, on the feasting of tenants on the lawn and friends in the hall, by which the occasion was celebrated, it is not necessary to enlarge; they were beyond the common. The captain of the *Mermaid* was a popular man among his Derbyshire neighbours, and the romantic adventures by which he won his fair young bride became the subject of country tales and the theme of local poets in after generations. The old knight was proud of his son's exploits, though well pleased to see him come back with every prospect of settling in the home of his ancestors, and it was his characteristic remark that if Edward had gone far to find him a daughter-in-law, he had brought home one worth having.

A full report of these doings reached the Casa de Fonseca through the diligence of Doña Constanza's agents, and added fuel to the fire of wrath which burned in the breasts of the entire connection. They laid a lengthy complaint before the English court, and required the condign punishment of Digby for breaking in the gate of a religious house with picks and crows, and carrying off a high-born señorita from the protection of its sacred walls. The correspondence between ministers, ambassadors, and reigning sovereigns in London and Madrid on that subject was most voluminous, and spread over several years. James the First threatened to write a Latin treatise on it, Philip the Fourth threatened to go to war; but both the royalties were men of talk, and not of action. Don Adolpho wanted to go to England and challenge Digby to mortal combat; but he did not go, and the forsaken swain proved the constancy of his devotion to Rosada's charms by forswearing matrimony and taking holy orders—it was thought because no heiress rich enough to please his father could be found. The Grand Inquisitor held fast by his original scheme, however, in restoring part of the confiscated estate of his family to Don Enrique. He stipulated for the Casa de Valdez, which the Taveras accordingly got into their hands, and to the last of that generation their agents and employés were crowding and digging in all its corners, for the treasure which Yusuf and his bride were living happily upon in England.

As for the remnant of the De Valdez family in Cordova, Don Bernardo and Doña Natella, when

obliged to quit the Casa, found another old house in La Moreria, where they took up their abode, and lived much in their former style and manner, except that the days of Valencia stockings and salted olives were over, and the singular old pair wanted for nothing, being provided for out of the family estate.

Don Bernardo made searching inquiries into the pedigree of Captain Digby before he could make up his mind that Rosada had not disgraced her line by marrying him, and it was some time before he and the doña could fully comprehend the fact that their kindly brother Lorenzo had escaped prison and shipwreck, and was alive and well with his son-in-law in an English manor-house. Elasco, on his return home, made the matter clear to their understandings, and brought Jacinta a friendly message from the hermit of the Sierra, whose counsel she had sought and found, and it appeared to serve the good woman all her life, as she never resumed the sack-cloth nor any of her former austerities, but lived in great peace with her ancient patrons, sharing their better days as she had shared their worst.

Don Enrique had almost as much difficulty as his uncle in comprehending his father's restoration to the world of living men, but none of the family rejoiced more sincerely over it. He went all the way to Derbyshire to see Don Lorenzo, entreated him not to live in exile, but apply to the king and inquisitors for pardon, and get back to Cordova; but Lorenzo said, "My son, truth and liberty are exiles from Spain, therefore I prefer to be an exile too."

After that visit, the magnificence of his English brother-in-law was daily set forth by young De Valdez in all the places of his resort. He was to be seen in those ancient haunts as frequently as before his marriage. Doña Leonora kept a remarkably thrifty but not pleasant home. There she was the queen regnant, and Barbara, the cheesemaker and duenna, was her prime minister. Don Enrique would have sent his gentle sister to the convent without compunction; but, such are the returns of the Nemesis, he could never get rid of the dairy-woman; and what was worse, the queen and her minister contrived to hold the funds so fast, that to appear like a caballero he was often obliged to betake himself to his old resource, Antonio Diaz.

The borrowings had to be repaid, for Don Enrique was a man of property now, and Antonio was the same prudent merchant that he had ever been, carrying on business with his sister and St. Ferdinand till about three years after Rosada's marriage. Then the managing Catalina, having in a manner worn the civic crown for saving her brother from the pitfall into which he would have walked in Toledo, exchanged it for the bridal wreath, for the goldsmith's mother at length gave up the keys of housekeeping with all this world's concerns, whereon Catalina married the goldsmith, and reigned in her stead over him and his mansion in Granada.

Some months after that auspicious wedding, Antonio's dwelling and warehouse were discovered to be empty. His Jewish friends inquired after him, but all they could learn was that he had made clear accounts with debtor and creditor and left the city, nobody knew how or for what destination. The wealthy merchant was never again seen in Cordova; but about the time that he was missed, a Spanish Jew, one of the many who in that age, as well as in the preceding one, sought refuge for themselves and their riches in England, came to settle in the town of

Derby, and his name was Antonio Diaz. With the dexterity in mercantile affairs peculiar to his race, and their power of adapting themselves to new situations and circumstances, Antonio contrived to establish himself and his business in the fine old country town, which was then a place of greater importance than it is now, being the seat of the English silk manufacture which Flemish Protestants, flying from Spanish oppression even as he did, had set up there in the reign of Elizabeth. The neighbours thought he must be some near relation of the Spanish lady, because he was such a frequent and welcome guest in Digby Manor, and also in the pretty foreign-looking villa which Yusuf the Moor had built for himself and his Zaripa on the southern slope of a low hill, sheltered from cold and tempest by the stately trees of Digby Park.

Thus the true-hearted Antonio saw and rejoiced in Rosada's happiness with the loving husband who, for her sake, had given up roving by sea and land, and allowed the Mermaid to find another captain.

Thus also he formed an intimate friendship with Rosada's father, once the generous protector of his people and kindred, and now the household companion of the good old knight Sir Thomas Digby, who might well be styled the protector of the little Spanish colony formed around him on English ground. They had settled under a cold and cloudy sky, compared with that which bent over their own Andalusia, but freedom and peace were there. Children came to the manor-house and the villa, to draw closer the bonds of love and the ties of kindred; and as plants take root in a strange soil, the foreigners became less foreign year by year. They learned the English tongue, they followed the English customs; better than all, they learned to read the English Bible, and to worship in the English church. There, at length, Antonio came to worship among them. The kindly converse of his friends, and his own free intelligence, had won him from the beliefs and practices to which he clung through years of perilous concealment in Spain.

Even Lope Mendez gave up his father's favourite saint Martina, and went to church with his master, whom he never could recollect to call anything but captain; yet of all the strangers who settled in Digby Manor, Lope made himself at home the soonest. There was something congenial to his Biscayan nature in the cool, moist climate, and sturdy, independent people, of Derbyshire. He learned the language of the land, and succeeded so much better with its rustic belles than he did with those of Andalusia at the shepherd's feast, that he not only escaped all slights regarding his awkward feet and the like, but wooed and won a fair English girl, the daughter of one of Sir Thomas Digby's tenants, and his faithful services to Sir Thomas's son and heir were rewarded by the gift of a small farm and a comfortable cottage. But Lope continued to be, in his own phrase, Captain Digby's man; and when the exiles from the far south assembled in summer evenings in the wide porch of Digby Manor-house, and sat talking of old Cordova, the mountain slopes above it, and the vents of San Juan, he would remark to his nearest confidant, for Lope had many, "They are well out of Andalusia, anyhow, and so am I. This England is a fine country; in my opinion it just comes next to Biscay."

So, like a long voyage made through storm and sunshine, our tale of various characters and fortunes

comes to an end. Those who have followed its course through times and manners far removed from our own, must see what progress in the direction of light and liberty Spain has made since the reign of her fourth Philip; but the causes that worked together for her unexampled downfall and decay may also be traced in the sad and singular history of the House of De Valdez.

CHINESE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

THE quarter of the Chinese up Sacramento Street is very curious. They live here in thousands, and have made a portion of the city almost their own, having theatres and joss-houses, or temples, where they play and pray in the most orthodox national fashion. I have spent hours in prowling and shopping among them. They say you may buy rats to eat, but most unpleasant-looking pork seems to be their chief meat. All is done after Chinese ways. The signs of the shops are written and the books kept in Chinese. I bought a pair of shoes and a wonderful hat of "Wo Cum," who tied up my parcel with a strip of grass, and entered the transaction at the wrong end of a rice-paper book, with a brush dipped in Indian ink, rubbed on a saucer, in complicated letters an inch square. Then I wanted a Chinese coat. He showed me a silk one. "Inglis good," said Wo Cum. "No," replied I, "no Inglis, give Chinaman's." And he despised me for buying one of native fabric and manufacture.

I was very anxious to see a joss-house. Californians seem to treat such places with contempt, and I asked in vain some half-dozen persons whether they could direct me to one. So I went into the shop of "Loo Sing," and fancying that perhaps he would be jealous of a Christian going to see his God, opened my approach by buying a bundle of joss-sticks, things like thin bulrushes, made of pastile, and burnt before idols. Then said I, adopting the Chinese English current here, "Want see joss-house, Chinamen's God." "Oh! ah! tchess," said John, grinning, "I show." But even when he had directed me to the right corner of the street I was still at a loss, seeing nothing but ordinary houses. At last I caught a passing Chinaman, and made him take me to the sanctuary. It was approached through a shop. We went upstairs and along a passage; then he waved his hand as he led me into a good-sized darkened chamber, where I found myself for the first time in my life in the presence of real heathen idolatry. The air was heavy with incense. An altar, some 8ft. by 3ft., and 3ft. high, draped in embroidered cloth, with two mats for kneeling before it, stood at one end of the chamber. It had upon it two burning lamps with slender stems, two candlesticks, a vessel with smouldering incense, and two vases of artificial flowers. Immediately behind it, in a shallow recess, was the idol, with drapery concealing all but the small wooden face of a doll, whose dark hair was parted in the middle. At the first glance there was little to distinguish what I saw from a dirty altar in a dark Roman Catholic chapel. The incense, the drapery, the vases of artificial flowers, the burning lamps, the joss-sticks of worshippers stuck in front like tapers, and the shrouded wooden doll, at once illustrated an anecdote which I had disbelieved of a Chinaman who visited a Jesuit

chapel, and came out, saying, "Good, joss-house same." "This Chinamen's God?" said I to my guide. "Tchess," replied he, "Chinamen's God," and some new thoughts came into my mind.

I visited the Chinese theatre, and was fortunate in being present on a benefit night, when the entertainment was wholly for Chinese. I was the only white man present, with the exception of a policeman in plain clothes, who turned out to be a native of my own county, Suffolk, in England. I gave him a cigar, which he smoked then and there while on duty.

The play was so far intelligible in that it involved love and jealousy. The theatre was crammed, the actors who did not play in the piece sitting on either side of the stage. There was apparently a religious element in the drama, for an altar stood in the middle of the stage, and the two chief performers, dressed in long straight embroidered robes with loose sleeves, knelt down before it for a minute with their backs to the audience. There appeared to be an emperor and his queen, who quarrelled because of some attentions paid by the former to a young lady, who sang a song accompanied by a gong, bones, and a sort of fiddle. The queen pulled the emperor's beard, whereupon he beat her. Then came, gorgeously dressed, the Council of State, who drank tea from tiny cups with his Majesty. But something went amiss, for the queen enlisted their services in her favour, and they pulled the emperor about the stage by his legs. Then he sang a comic song, and the mandarins played at leapfrog.

The play was followed by a tumbling performance, in which the chief feat of the tumblers was to jump off two tables, set one upon another, and fall flat upon their backs with a thud which ought to have broken their ribs. But they got up and did it again. The whole business was a caricature of a pantomime, in which all in turn were clowns and pantaloons. The audience appeared to be gratified, for they laughed much. The price for the whole theatre, exclusive of two boxes tenanted by Chinese aristocrats, was the same—half a dollar, and barbarous music was kept up throughout the performance.

The Chinese are making great progress here. They have built the Central Pacific Railway, but they do more than supply hands for hard work. There are wealthy mercantile houses owned and carried on by Chinese merchants. You not only see the humble laundry of Ho Ki, where the proprietor himself, in spectacles and pigtail, is patiently ironing a shirt by the window, but large wholesale establishments and offices with "Ho Sing, Wo Chung, and Co." announced over the doors. They are fighting Californians with their own weapons, and on their own ground, and they are making such way that a popular comic placard in the town, representing the Irishman and the Chinaman with the head and boots of the American in their respective mouths, ends by picturing the Chinaman as having swallowed both Paddy and Uncle Sam. "Ah, sir," several persons have said to me here, "the Chinese will soon reach New York, and presently you will see them in London." They arrive in droves. And when once the Chinaman comes, not only with his gods and his theatre, but with his family, and gives up the sentiment which now makes him stipulate that his bones shall be restored to his own land, it is impossible to speculate on the Chinese flood which will pour into America.—*Correspondent of the "Times."*

Varieties.

SMITHFIELD MARTYRS' MEMORIAL.—The memorial to the martyrs who suffered at Smithfield occupies one of the arched recesses in the wall near the entrance to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. The memorial is of grey and red granite, with bronze ornaments and railings. On the top is the text, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." The cornice bears the words, "The noble army of martyrs praise Thee." On the panel below is this inscription: "Near to this spot John Rogers, John Bradford, Archdeacon Philpot, and other servants of God, suffered death by fire for the faith of Christ, in the years 1555, 1556, and 1557." The memorial was obtained chiefly through the exertions of the Protestant Alliance, under the presidency of the Earl of Shafesbury. The monument was designed by Messrs. Habershon and Pike, architects, and executed by Messrs. Cox and Son, of Southampton Street, London, to whom we are indebted for the illustration.



POST-OFFICE IN ROME.—The post from the north—that is, from all Europe—arrives here at ten minutes to nine in the morning, and the letters are not delivered, nor can they be obtained, till half-past one, giving the officials an interval of four hours and a half for manipulation, etc. The mail does not leave till ten minutes to eight in the evening, but no letter can be posted after five, giving the officials two hours and fifty minutes for manipulation!

NEW SOUTH WALES.—The annual report of the Registrar-General affords some interesting particulars. There were recorded in the colony 3,736 marriages, 18,485 births, and 7,225 deaths—the births exceeding the deaths by 11,269. The increase of population consisted of 5,278 males and 5,982 females. This is an increase on the previous year at the rate of 2 per cent. on the males, and 3 per cent. on the females. The sexes stand in the following proportions:—males, 55.8 per cent.; females, 44.2. The results of a comparison show that, as in former years, in New South Wales a larger proportion of persons are married, a larger proportion of children are born, and a smaller proportion of persons die than in any division of the United Kingdom, or in France, Austria, Italy, or Spain.

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